

You won't survive 24 hours

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by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

I thought being a neonate Tremere was a pain, that my unlife was hell. Drink blood, please the Elders, survive. But damn, that's nothing compared to that moron Edward Cullen! I warned him, "You won't survive 24 hours."

Now I don't hate Twilight, but it's such a plain and dull story! So I wrote this.

- A translation of [Tu ne survivras pas 24 heures](#) by [MiaQc](#)

I met him in a bar. He stands in the shadows, looking down, as if his life is over. Auspex allowed me to know that he was a vampire, but not like us. I would say rather a kind of Ghoul with certain Disciplines. It's very weird, then I thought back to that collection of stupid novels I used to read in my old life. Romance novels. There was a series with vampires, well a poor imitation of vampires. *Twilight*, it was called. Thinking about *Twilight* made me focus more on his aura and then I couldn't hold back.

"FUCKING SHIT, YOU'RE EDWARD CULLEN!" I shouted, while getting up from my seat in a theatrical manner.

All eyes turned to us. I stammered something, I-don't-remember-what, and then I went to him.

"How did you know my name?" He immediately asked me with a suspicious look on his face, and by seeing his face his identity is well and truly confirmed.

"Because... Where the hell do I begin? You're not real."

"I'm sorry?"

"Yes, well, no. I mean... fucking shit!"

I pull my cell phone out of my red pants pocket. I also wear a stylish sweater with embellishments. In the same color.

"Look." I say to Edward while showing him the *Twilight* series in digital books.

He looks at my cell phone screen.

"What the...? Is this a joke?"

"No! Wait until I show you the movie trailers."

Edward looks at them all and his face expresses a deep despair that I never thought I would see in a vampire. Or in a human for that matter.

"What misfortune, what horror has befallen me? Alone..."

"Don't be dramatic!" I retorted to Edward. "You're alive... for now. Welcome to the real world, Edward Cullen, the World of Darkness!"

"A world of darkness. Yes, a world without my Bella, without Renesmee..."

"Stop being a jackass, Edward Cullen! This is the *real* world out here, with *real* vampires. You won't survive 24 hours."

"And who are you to treat me this way?" he replied, provoked by my words.

"I am Artemia Vidrine, Tremere clan."

"Artemia..."

"No, that's not my name *from before*. Anyway, you don't know anything about us. The Clans, the rules, the Masquerade, the fucking hierarchy!"

"A hierarchy? That's nothing new."

"You bet! I may be a neonate but I'm sure I can give you a beating!"

"Why would you do that? We have no reason to fight."

"What the hell! If you think we're *sweet, sweet vampires* like your family, you're fooling yourself!"

"Don't mock my family!"

"Or else what? We can't fight here. Too many eyes."

"I don't want to fight you anyway, Artemia. Tell me about yourself."

"Why?"

"You're the first vampire I've managed to have a conversation with. The others avoid me."

"I can guess why, but what can I tell you? I think being a neonate Tremere is a pain and my unlife is hell. Drink blood, please the Elders, survive. You know, survive!"

"Explain."

"I have nothing else to say. The sun will be up soon. I have to get out of here, but don't forget what I told you."

"What, that I'm Edward Cullen, the real world's big ignorant?"

"No! That you won't survive 24 hours."

He gives me a strange goodbye, a very human one, and I leave the bar to go back to my apartment.

During the following night, I learn from Nines Rodriguez himself that a group of vampire hunters killed a strange male vampire whose physical description matches Edward. When I tell him he was *Edward Cullen* from *Twilight*, he frowns.

"Edward Cullen, huh? Next you'll be telling me that Lestat exists."

"But I...!"

"Don't make stupid jokes, kid, you might regret it one day."

I kept quiet, not wanting to provoke him. In spite of everything, I was right. The *beautiful* Edward Cullen didn't survive 24 hours. This makes me laugh. However, a question keeps running through my mind. If Edward could come to our world, what about his family, Bella, Renesmee? Well, it doesn't matter. It's not like I'm going to help them survive. I have my own unlife to worry about.

Note: Artemia **is the Fledgling.**

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